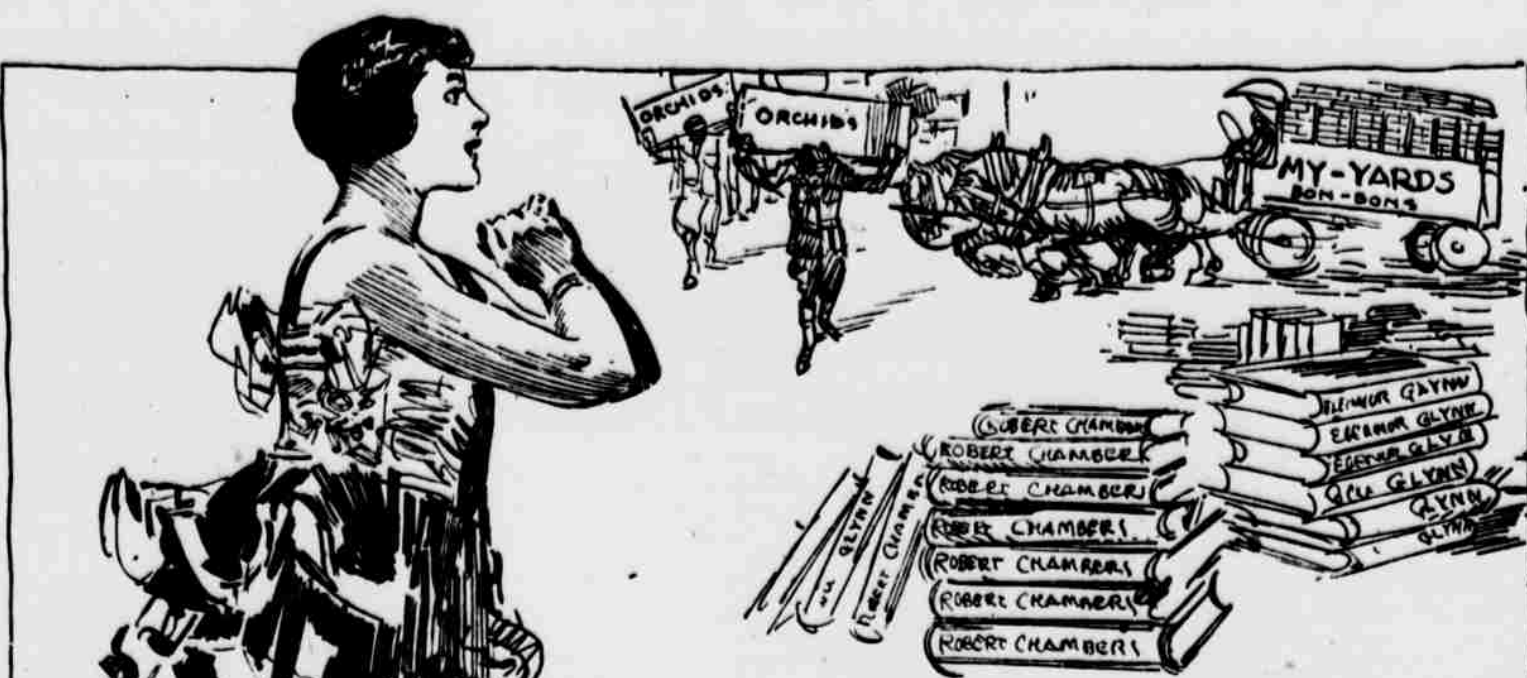


HANDING SANTA CLAUS SOME STRAIGHT TIPS ON GIVING

By JANE DIXON.
December, 1916.
Mr. Santa Claus, Kris Kringle Headquarters, Christmased.

PLEASE DEAR SANTA: All we've got to say, big fellow, is that for a long time you have been dropping in on us once a year and handing us out a bunch of presents, whether we want them or not. Now, like you, Santa, and we like the idea of the presents, but it seems to us that sometimes you use the grab bag system of distribution. You just reach into the big sack and whatever your finger happens to close over at our number you hang on the old evergreen bough and that is all there is to it. Now listen, Santa: we know you have been in this game a lot longer than we have, but still you can't judge a horse by the miles he has travelled. We believe that by a little expert juggling a big improvement could be shown in the way you spread the gifts, and at the same time the old Christmas cheer, which could be bought for a cent and a half when the market opens this year, will take a running jump that will make the old Santa a blower.

The trouble with you, partner, is we know that your heart works away in the old sack. The way you figure out a gift is a gift, and that is all there is to it. You just reach into the sack outside the chimney some time when you shoot down a bale of plunder and hear what the sour doughs think of your work. The look on the college eleven who fumbles the ball in the last half with the score tied is popular alongside of you. Why don't you try to appear, Santa, as that huckle pink yarn bed-room slippers with billows blue bow-ties in a class with plugged nickels or penny pennies. The lady who knits them may put a kind thought behind every stitch, but well, they just aren't being worn, that's all. The old color boxes with forget-me-nots painted on the lid are as extinct as the Presidential hopes of William Jennings Bryan. How can you expect to interest our modern child in the little old red sled when the least he has been expecting is a motor car with six cylinders and four speeds? Then, too, my good man, you seem to have overlooked the fact that you



Some things on the revised list with which Santa might please the debutante.

XMAS PUDDING FOR TOMMY

LONDON, Dec. 2.—One hundred thousand pounds for Christmas pudding! Five hundred thousand dollars for Christmas pudding, if you like that better.

Twenty thousand pounds has already been subscribed and the rest is sure to come before the middle of December. The money is arriving in sixpences and shillings and crowns and pounds and still in hundred pound notes.

People in America can scarcely realize the vast importance of the Christmas pudding in England. Christmas without pudding is not Christmas at all.

Christmas in the trenches is not a cheerful day at best, as two years have proved that Christmas in the trenches without a Christmas pudding is a calamity too great to be contemplated.

Every woman in England understands this and every woman has been planning to send a Christmas pudding to somebody at the front. Herein lies a problem.

Imagine the Christmas mails crowded to overflowing with individual Christmas puddings—millions of them. Imagine how many of them would go astray or arrive late or be damaged in the post. Imagine, too, how awkward it would be if every Tommy came to the cook on Christmas morning and said "These would you send cooking my Christmas pudding for me?" It couldn't be done.

Of course the Christmas pudding is cooked weeks before it is eaten, but a proper Christmas pudding has to be aged. At least it must have a brief sojourn in boiling water and be eaten hot. To be quite proper it should have brandy sauce poured over it just before it is eaten, but I am afraid that most of the Tommies will have no brandy sauce.

The problem of cooking the Tommies' Christmas puddings and of making sure that every soldier has one is of such importance that it is to be handled by the Government. It has been figured out that sixpence will provide Christmas pudding for one Tommy and the 100,000 pounds will supply the entire British army, with perhaps a bit left over for the allies.

Therefore instead of sending an individual pudding to some friend or relative every one is sending a subscription to the Christmas pudding fund in charge of one of the London newspapers, and the entire sum is to be turned over to the Government, which will supply the enormous puddings to be distributed to the men.

At sixpence a pudding, 100,000 will buy four million Christmas puddings.

There have been people who have called roast beef the most important of English foods, but these people have not properly considered the merits of pudding. Real English plum pudding is a substantial dish, made with a base of suet. That doesn't sound very attractive, but when you fill it up with raisins and citron and spices and it becomes all brown and delicious chocolate looking, and when it is put on the table and brandy is poured over it and it is lighted and glows up like a hundred Christmas candles it makes a gift for the gods or for an English soldier.

So the Christmas pudding fund is growing by leaps and bounds and will soon be big enough to buy a pudding that would doubtless fill Piccadilly Circus. And if the brandy on it were lighted—but of course the defence of the realm would never permit that.

Whatever happens, every British soldier will have his Christmas pudding this year and if he gets nothing else from home he will still have enough to tell him that it is the season of good cheer if not of "peace on earth, good will to men."

Santa, old scout, that what we are trying to do is to slip you a pill disguised as a piece of chocolate candy. You are dead right! We have a large slab of free advice we are about to drop on your doorstep.

Don't shoot. It may be all for the best. You can take it or leave it, but, grab it from an insider, you will be considerably more popular in this neck of the woods after December 25 if you give this dope sheet the back and forth.

Hand the celebrated reindeers an apple apiece on me and—well, here goes for the tips on what you could do to make Christmas a riot:

Our President—A box of light lavender note paper in all sizes for use in settling disputes over sunken ships and for capturing bandits in Mexico. Also a box of Spencerian pens and a bottle of pale blue ink for the same purpose. A counting machine to tally up at election polls, guaranteed to show quick action, as a protection against heart failure. A new right hand to replace the present one, which is suffering from excessive congratulations, and a lot of nice sugar plums to feed the railroads and keep them running. And, oh! Santa, this is important, a suit of armor to protect the wearer against any and all attacks of office seekers. You might throw in a poxy day for the coat label.

The Debutante—A cartload of orchids, a couple of tons of candy for rainy afternoons, as many of the classic works of Elinor Glyn, Robert Chambers and the rest of those modern literary raves as you can spare. A



A steam heated room, no thought for to-morrow—forgetfulness.

drip joy if you knew the Christmas carols were going about as big as a Chicago musical comedy on Broadway. What you want to do is to pull a George Cohan, and we are for it. We are strong for the Yuletide greens and the red bells and the mistletoe—loud pedal on the mistletoe—and all like that.

Maybe you have suspected by now

He Is Told How to Improve on Ancient Methods So That He May Please Everybody by Handing Out Just What Is Wanted

where he can go and play paper doll, only he will cut coupons instead of dolls. He'd like another castle or two to add to his collection, a new grand piano for his steam yacht and a Maxim silencer for Miss Fox Trot, who thinks just because he bought her a platinum fitted cabriolet and a set of winter jewelry she has a permanent claim on his cash balance. Also he would like some sort of secret potion that would destroy Billon, Jr.'s

tap, tap of a cane held in wrinkled hands on the floor, the touch of withered lips on the brow, the pressure of a sympathetic hand on the palm, the shelter of loving arms, the kiss of love and possession. The quiet of peace, the blessedness of plenty, the right to be happy. A hand grenade to get even with the "bloke" who spiked it to Hal, right when he was a givin' it to 'em fierce. Poor old Hal! He's back there now, somewhere in the muck.



A wrinkle eradicator that will come up to expectations.

The Actress—A \$50,000 contract with a movie magnate (\$500 real money will do—the public need never know!) A leading man who is against beef-steak smothered in onions and black howl that wrap twice around the collar. A marmoset like Mrs. Vernon Castle's. A portable star dressing room; a wrinkle eradicator that will live up to its promises. A one part play sure to stay on the Big Byway longer than "The Homeward Bound." A manager with enough in the top floor to appropriate talent; a chinchilla coat that would make Gaby's look like a crude imitation and a press agent who could lure in the papers at least once every six months. A world without one night stands and a lip stick will also be acceptable.

The Manager—A cure all for enragated ego and swelling of the salary. An exterminator for pests with no credit at the barbers and the great American play tucked under their arms. The equivalent of the Heloise sense of modesty, the Ziegfeld sense of polychrome and the Cuban sense of "pep." A check absorber for the sweet young thing with the legs who is dying to be on the stage. A brand with a "Free Last Suspended" guarantee on the golden gates, even if it is to pay for his ticket or stay out. A deck of big third acts for use on the grounds. A season pass to the Polo Grounds.

The Editor—A pack of reporters trained to flush one big scoop each per day. A sporting squad who did not take outside work too seriously; a cup reporter without an ambition to cover theatres. You—a tender for use with palpitant press agents; a blue pencil that will stay sharpened; the prospect of a soft job like pitching hay in August or cracking rocks or stoking or anything useful.

The Country—A pair of yellow kid shoes with building toes; a suit of store clothes; a diver painted red with a looking glass out at the side to make 'er look right smart; a steady seat on the haircloth sofa in Perkins' parlor; the Big Chance—to come to the city and make good.

The Sailor—A new sweetheart for every port and plenty of ports to go a sweetheating in.

The Crook—More booze to fall for the gaff. Cops without brains, open easy safes, the one big haul, a safe getaway, and then the straight and narrow.

The Wife—A husband who can find his way home nights without the aid of a battle axe; the ability to drag money from the family funds without arising in the middle of the night and extracting it from a pair of trousers; a mother-in-law with a sense of justice and humor. We know this is a tough combination, Santa, but if you could do it the fame of your accomplishment would ring around the world.

The Husband—A clock that knows when to lie, a wife without a passion for a fur coat. The privilege of reading the evening paper without interruption, and of buying a little red wagon, a toy fire department and a doll buggy for under the Christmas tree.

Look a here, Santa, we might go on tipping for columns, but what does that get us? What are we trying to win you up we are running out on ourselves, which is all wrong. If we ever started to spill our ideas of an honest to goodness list there from the start Christmas the list would look like a catalogue by Quers Sobuck & Co., who let everything from a stamp to a steam roller.

We wish to mention only one thing more: If you do not curb the Christmas spirits of our juniors, hallboys, milk men, elevator drivers, messenger boys, maids, cooks, coat boys, waiters and what not there ain't going to be no such day as Christmas. The only man who will be able to buy a breakfast a week after the smoke has cleared away will be the bird with the one way pockets and his life will not be worth a phony farthing. Last year the only servant in our life who did not wish us a Merry Christmas was the dumb waiter behind the back was the dumb waiter.

All we have to say is when you get busy on that chimney job this year, dear Santa, have a heart. Find out what we want and go on from there. Let the joy be telling out!

THE ONE EYED MAN ONCE MORE ELUDES HIS VENGEFUL VICTIMS

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

WHEN the one eyed man entered old man Greenlaw's saloon in Arkansas City he did so with a partial realization at least of the peril involved. Knowing perfectly well that he was carrying his life in one hand, he took the precaution to carry his wad in the other and to say "let's liquor" at the moment he crossed the threshold.

His calculation was that while his invitation would serve as a temporary stop of proceedings, postponing at least for a few moments the imminent clash he was so recklessly defying, the sight of the wad would arouse in the old man's mind certain desires which might for a while outweigh the lust for revenge at the sight of his caller.

The event justified the theory. It would not have done so had Joe Bassett been in the saloon, for Mr. Bassett was a man who allowed nothing to give him a moment's reprieve, and when he saw the one eyed man's reappearance on the scene of his several previous adventures. But Mr. Bassett was elsewhere at the time, and the one eyed man was relying on Mr. Owen Pepper to keep him there. He did indeed keep him very well.

It was the absence of Mr. Bassett, however, the situation, as the one eyed man well knew, was an exceedingly bad one. Old man Greenlaw was usually in the sentiment of his life, which was that nothing short of the death of the one eyed man would satisfy his sundry outrageous passions. At the moment, it was almost a certainty that their hands would stay even for a few mo-

Diplomacy of a High Order Secures His Peaceful Entrance Into Old Man Greenlaw's and Wonderful Agility Gets Him Out of It

Mightily as he yearned after the blood of the one eyed man, he was equally desirous of once more meeting the only man in the Mississippi valley who was reckoned his rival in skill in a contest of wits at the poker table. Convinced of this, he wavered in his choice between them.

Sam Pearson, however, noted. "I'm prepared to play poker with the devil himself," he said savagely, "but you'll be barred. If you all sets in, it'll be onto my dadd body."

And Jake Winterbottom, though he said nothing, expressed a similar thought by putting his two hands in his vest pockets, where, as they all knew, he carried two derringers. But the old man spoke again.

"None of that, Jake," he said sternly. "One of the house rules is that business comes first, pleasure second. A sayin' 'nother' but what's to be done later on, but the game'll be played first off."

And these words decided Mr. Blaisdell's choice. He turned and led the way to the back room. The one eyed man followed eagerly, and so too, but more slowly, did Jake Winterbottom follow, with set lips and a determined look.

Pearson balked, however, till the old man said: "Git his wad first off, Sam, then kill him a quick 'yo' damn please." Then he went in and took his place at the table where the others had already seated themselves.

Elsewhere in Arkansas City other things were being done. Inordinately large as the one eyed man's wad still was, he had dipped into it already in no negligible fashion to secure the services of Mr. Owen Pepper, and that gentleman, as his myrridion, had by a masterly stratagem engaged the attention of the Sheriff, Joe Bassett, leading him away from the old man's

saloon in the pursuit of a mythical abode of hospitality to whom a large profit was to be made.

Furthermore, Mr. Pepper had distracted the Sheriff's attention from this errand, after getting him started on it, by the simple expedient of inflaming him with potations. Given a certain number of drinks, Mr. Bassett could always be relied on to take more, and he was now taking them.

In this connection the word "more" has a wide application. With Mr. Bassett more drinks meant more than any one else could possibly take, and more liquor meant more than there was. And being a person of dogged persistence in the pursuit of anything on which he fixed his mind, Mr. Bassett frequently went far toward the accomplishment of his purpose of getting more liquor.

Eminently qualified as he was, however, to distinguish himself in the effort to drink the Mississippi valley dry, it had been expected by the one eyed man and Mr. Pepper that a time would eventually come when even Mr. Bassett would be forced to forego the attempt temporarily and lie down.

They had watchfully waited some days and nights for that time to arrive, but the one eyed man wearied of the waiting, and leaving Mr. Pepper, as he supposed, still on the job, had gone to old man Greenlaw's premises, knowing what would inevitably occur if Mr. Bassett should learn of his going there, but relying on Mr. Pepper to keep him in ignorance of it till after the game.

But Mr. Pepper was also weary. The nature of his errand, although he might as it did profit, though he preferred the position of a hanger-on to that of a participant in a hold-up. The profit he had already made of the expense money the one eyed man

had furnished, and failing to get more of that, his errand fancy turned toward a final stroke by which he could rid himself of all further responsibility and at the same time gratify his desire for a little amusement which he might get as a looker on.

His conception of leary was only a faint one. Bound by no sense of the obligation of an employee and wholly indifferent to the wrath of his boss, he played such a fantastic trick at might have made archangels weep, had archangels any knowledge of what went on in Arkansas City.

He told Joe Bassett that the one eyed man had gone to old man Greenlaw's saloon.

The incandescence glow of a tropical sunset would not have roused such fury in the Minotaur's mighty bosom as was engendered in the mind of the Sheriff of Arkansas City by this intelligence. He started immediately for the saloon.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper to himself as he turned around after him. "I reckon maybe they 'gwine to be somepin' diddin'." On this occasion, at least, Mr. Pepper proved himself to be no slouch of a prophet.

Meantime the poker game in old man Greenlaw's back room proceeded briskly. The one eyed man was not unmindful of the possibility that Bassett might appear on the scene despite the precaution he had taken, and felt that any delay might be fraught with extra peril.

Mr. Blaisdell was so impatient to demonstrate his prowess that he pushed the play impudently. Winterbottom and Pearson, however, their minds so fixed on the events they had determined upon as appropriate occurrences subsequent to the game that they assisted in every way they could toward hastening the conclusion. The dove of peace had long since sought some safer place, and the only other occupant of the saloon sat looking at his longstarer with a longing expression, eating the second half of his cigar meanwhile with a reckless disregard of the fact that the further end of it was lighted.

Even under these circumstances the beginning of the game was uneventful. Mr. Blaisdell dealt first, and the first hand the one eyed man received was, as he realized, too good to be true. He refrained from betting on it, therefore, and the others saw no object in delaying the making of a jack pot.

Then Pearson dealt and the pot was sweetened for the next deal. Winterbottom dealt next and the same result followed, after which the deck passed into the one eyed man's hands.

All up and down the Mississippi River, on the boats and in many of the river settlements, professional poker players had learned before this bitter experience to be especially vigilant in their scrutiny of the one eyed man's manipulation of the cards when he dealt. It had never been proved conclusively that he was guilty of any irregularity in the deal, but it had been alleged repeatedly that he was. Those who had made the charge in his hearing, however, had never been known to make it again.

All this was well known to the three players who engaged him in the present contest, and they watched him keenly as he shuffled and flipped out the potshards with the regularity and precision of an engine in the mill, but they saw nothing to which they could take exception. No cocksure indeed was Mr. Blaisdell that the deal was entirely regular that, finding three

Just show Jim the blunder who did it—and that hand grenade—

The Girl Behind the Counter—Strength to pull through the charge of the eleventh hour sharpshooters. Five extra pairs of hands to wait on the leaders in the mob scene at the bargain counter, and the endurance of a heavily armed war truck. A place to sit down for just two precious minutes without being clawed by a hysterical shopper. The patience of Mrs. Job. A pair of loose slippers lined with eiderdown, a warm kimono and a twenty-four hour Christmas Day in which to shut the door, lock it on the inside and give self up to the blissful oblivion of oblivion.

Blaisdell's play that help was needed, and he boosted it again.

Then the one eyed man put his wad in the pot and Blaisdell studied long, but his ace full tempted him and he fell. Blaisdell's wad was for all he had, and Winterbottom dropped.

The one eyed man showed down four tens and justified his reputation for quickness by the way he snatched up the pot.

Ensued a ruckus. The one eyed man succeeded in his reason of his ability, in reaching the street door of the saloon unscathed, despite the barking of one of Winterbottom's derringers and the rush that Blaisdell and Pearson made simultaneously for the door. He met Bassett.

At the same instant old man Greenlaw approached him from one side with his longstarer poised for a blow. Pearson was close behind him with a knife unsheathed in his hand and a gleam of fury in his eye, while a little further back Blaisdell and Winterbottom were reaching their fire weapons, till they should be able to fire without hitting the wrong man.

Snapping over so slightly, the one eyed man glided smoothly under Bassett's arm, while the latter's fist shot out directly at his head, meeting in midair the business end of the longstarer as it swung toward the same mark. Paining not to listen to Bassett's howl and the old man's curses, the one eyed man passed on toward the back landing.

It was accounted a signal manifestation of his marvellous luck that a boat was always sailing from Arkansas City at the precise moment when the one eyed man was ready to go away from there, and he reached her deck, thus time by a mighty leap of which the deckhands spoke in awe. Minded with the hoarse roar of the boat's whistle and the mellow sound of Mr. Pepper's laughter as he chortled on the street.

"Oh, I don't know," he said.